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HORACE IN NEW-YORK.

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HORACE IN NEW-YORK.

PART I.

[By T. S. Clason.]

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

HORACE,

Id est: .

*Many a brave blade lived before
Great Agamemnon drank and swore;
But, not a snivelling tear is shed,
And they snore with oblivion's dead;
The reason's plain—and all must know it:—
These great trumps had no laureate poet.*

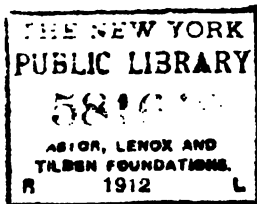
HORACE IN N. Y.

NEW-YORK:

JAMES M. CAMPBELL, 87, NASSAU-STREET.

1826.

S G.



Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifteenth day of September, A. D. 1826, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, James M. Campbell, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

“ Horace in New-York. Part I.

“ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona

“ Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles

“ Urgentur, ignotique longâ

“ Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

“ HORACE.

“ Id est :

“ *Many a brave blade lived before*

“ *Great Agamemnon drank and swore ;*

“ *But, not a swivelling tear is shed.*

“ *And they swore with oblivion's dead ;*

“ *The reason's plain and all must know it :*

“ *These great trumps had no laureate poet.*

“ HORACE IN N. Y.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled “ An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled “ An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints.”

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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TO THE READER.

THE galled jade, alone, has a right to wince at the remarks contained in this tract. Should any person, undeserving of censure, be annoyed, *Horace* feels the apparently offensive part will have been insufficiently considered. Yet, if it really happen that meanings can be attached which were unintended by him, the Author will readily throw aside his mask, and make a frank apology. In the meantime, he offers such a salve under his assumed signature. Far be it from him to offend or annoy, without a cause.

This is only PART I. of *Horace in New-York*. It is, at present, proposed to publish three more numbers ; but, circumstances must govern this. The writer is quite aware he need not stop from a want of matter. There are many worthy persons in this City, whose virtues will give bright lights to the pictures ; and as to the dark shades :

“Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.”



I.

TO A MOSCHETO.

"Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
"As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
"With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
"(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting."
YOUNG.

You little leeching villain :
Look at this tumour ! ?
Confound your biting !
I beg you'd not your piston thus be filling.
If you were bigger, I would brain you with my fist ;
And e'en though you will always be a fly—yet list, oh list !
Killing, aye, Sir, killing,
That is my humor—
Besides, Sir Bandy-leg, you spoil my thoughts and writing !
Avaunt, and quit my sight ;
Let the blind hide you—
Come, blow your horn—*allons*—and take your flight ;
And, if he likes, the devil guide you.

What, there again ! You—nay, this time, too, I will
only brush you ;
Be off, slim dainty sprite, and snuff the morning :

But, just take this—and then to breakfast—this by way of
warning : !

Should you fly near me any more,
My blood to drink, and mind to tease,
(Allow me, with my handkerchief, to shew you, Sir, the
door,)

I'll squeeze—

Yes, thing of threads, by all the Gods, I'll crush you.

Ah, imp from *Grub* street, then you still will spite me—
Still come,
Still bite me ?
Still on a brother worm be feeding ;
You Wall-street broker, full of hum,
And bleeding ;—
When I take flights, why do you bring vexations,
Have you no bowels for your poor relations ?
Pert doctor's 'prentice, lancing without skill,
Yes—do, Sir, touch me—and you'll have a bitter pill !
Ah, parasite ! advance your rapier higher than my skin,
Or, by St. Paul—
Yes—oh—I'll—ah—aye—now your nib is in ;
I feel your toasting iron ; but that good Sir I'll maul—
Only a minute on my calfskin linger !—
Revenge is sweet—
Only keep still your spindle feet ;
And then—softly—and then—
Light on my blotting paper drops my pen,
And, dead for a ducat, says my thumb and finger.

II.

"MAD. MALABRAN GARCIA, gentle,

"winning, and delightful."

NEW-YORK ENQUIRER.

NYMPH, with beauty for thy spell,
 At thy feet behold my bays ;
 While I wake the golden shell,
 To thy virtue, in thy praise.
 Pure as chrystal's native glow,
 Shall the poet's praises flow.
To pæan who will raise.
 Who the Florence Venus praise ;
 Who will study grace and ease,
 From the famed Praxiteles ;
 While Italia can unfold,
 Such a lovely living mould ?
 Dian's moonlit face is thine.
 Load-stars from thy lashes shine.
 When thy madcap-laughter's heard,
 Who forgets the mocking-bird ?
 Should the dance thy small feet try,
 Thou'rt a crazy butterfly ;
 Lovely as the insect's wing,
 Having all its buoyant swing.

Let thy heart shew Cupid's blow,
 In the glowing Romeo :
 Thou dost then appear to us,
 Beauty's boy, Antinous.
 Who would not a subject bow,
 When the turban-shaped-tiara,
 Presses light thy polished brow—
 Brow like marble of Carrara ?
 While thy "glorious black eyes shine ;"
 Glossy ringlets sink and rise ;
 Who forgets the maids divine,
 Blessing Mahomet's paradise !
 Then thy notes, which sweetly swim,
 Give to every sense a tone ;
 From the silver censer's rim,
 Comes a music like thine own.
 Blessings on that heavenly voice ;
 May it long thy friends rejoice.
 Blessings on thy twinkling feet ;
 May they long with flowers meet.
 May domestic peace be thine,—
 On thy fair head sunbeams shine—
 Rivals, but increase thy fame—
 Grief, to thee, be but a name—
 May thy beauty keep its glow,
 Long as *Ninon de l'Enclos*.

III.

" You've heard too, doubtless, of such things,
 " As Doctor MITCHILL, and his dishes,
 " Of brickbats, Pompey-heads, and rings,
 " And whales, which he says are not fishes ;
 " 'Twas proved by Joseph Banks, you know,
 " ' Fleas are not lobsters,' long ago."

HORACE IN CINCINNATI, p. 88.

Good day ! dear Professor, of great trees and small ;
 From cedar to hyssop which grows on the wall ;—
 Collector of cockle-shells, sea-weed, and sand ;
 Of crabs from the ocean ; of bugs on the land ;
 Of bandy-legged monsters the readiest buyer ;
 Of butterflies, beetles, the grand crucifier.
 I bow to thy titles too long to be read ;—
 Titles ! *alpha* to *omega* ! great A to Z !

Well, how are you, doctor ?—nay, pray do not stand ;
 Here's a chair with a cushion—come, give me your hand.
 Is your family well ?—I'm glad from my heart.
 You ask after mine !—oh, we're all pretty smart.
 Some trifling ills, Sir, do somewhat absorb us ;
 Horace, our youngest, has *cholera morbus*.
 But such an illness as this will not grieve him ;
Pulv. Antim. Tinc. Opii. soon will relieve him.

Let's shut down the window ; and, now we're alone,
 We'll chat of Linnæus, Le Place, and Buffon.
 But first, let your eyes on my own projects beam ;
 For I'm sure you'll be charmed, Sir, at every scheme.
 You see the thick manuscript over the fire ?
 It's there I have proved that the famous Uriah,
 Helped David—in music no trifling noodle—
 T'o make, on his house-top, the tune Yankee Doodle !

But now, on this project I'll thank you to look :
 This fishing line, barbed with a magnetic hook.
 I mean by this plan, (yes, that's a scarce adder,)
 To take, in all cases, stone from the bladder.
 The patient must swallow the hook with his wine ;
 And when he has taken some yards of the line,
 You then, giving play as you fish for a trout,
 Pull sharp with your rod ; and the stone *must* come out.
 Of course, common caution will make you decide,
 When the stone has been hooked, on the patient's inside !
 Would that the Russian King was like his brother :
 You've *ploughed* up a ring—I might *hook* up another !

I think I have proved, from the Hebrew version,
 That the sea-snake, which has made such diversion,
 Is the huge whale, Sir, which greedy and felly,
 Kept Jonah three days in its nasty cold belly.

But now for a scheme which must make the *çits* talk :
 For making of butter enough for New-York.
 And thus I propose—let a ship be the churn ;
 And fill it with milk from the stem to the stern.

Take her to sea when the waves and winds grumble,
 There let her toss about, rumble and tumble ;
 And when all the curd has well *got under weigh*,
 Why, come into port, and sell butter next day ! !
 I thought at this scheme the professor would caper !
 Perhaps you will praise it in Silliman's paper ?

I've a far better scheme than that of the milk !
 It is: to make spiders weave breeches of silk.
 But more, Sir, of that, when I meet you again.
 Nay, pray do not leave—see, it's going to rain.—
 Suppose, my good friend, you stay with me and dine ;
 We've a butterfly pasty, and cranb'ry wine ;
 My cook too is famous for grasshopper broth—
 Nay, do—for you see they are laying the cloth.
 Oh, if you've a party ! I say nothing more !
 I'll ring for your coach—let me open the door.
 By the by, in a promise you don't like to fail :
 You said you would give me a mummy's toe-nail !
 Next time, Sir, next time, or, whenever we meet ;—
 My regards to the ladies, Sir, over the street.
 Your hand, my dear Doctor—allow me to say—
 We always feel honored—good day, Sir, good day !

IV.

*"NOAH opened the window of the ark which he had made :
 "And he sent forth a raven."*

GENESIS, CHAP. VIII. v. 6, 7.

WHEN Rome's brave bird its pinions wide unfurled,
 Sending its shadow o'er a wondering world,
 Guarding, with iron beak, the seven-hill seat,
 Protecting science with its golden feet—
 When sculpture's chissel rang through marble hall ;
 And painting's rainbows dappled every wall :
 Then, sandalled senator, with brow severe,
 By mental courage made the rudest fear ;
 Then, silver locks had homage from the young ; (1)
 Then, honest laws were in the forum hung ;
 While, from the best, the people's TRIBUNE came,
 To guard their rights, to vindicate their name,
 To check the proud, to point at vice's mask ;
 Praise, his sole pay, and Truth, his only task.
 But, when the Eagle, moulted in its pride,
 And pressed its loose plumes to its shrunken side ;
 When Rapine rose, and lampoons decked the gate,
 The people's TRIBUNE was the people's hate.—
 He had become a pander for his hire ;
 He scoffed at honor ; fanned each civil fire ;

Led on to mischief ; fought for meanest ends ;
And, without friends, he tried to sunder friends.

Our land has all the power of Rome, when strong ;
And earth and sea have heard our battle song—
'Tis true, the Arts are like a young spring flower,
While Science is the creature of an hour :
But, with the strength of war, and joys of peace,
Shall we our honor, by our *press*, decrease ?
Shall editors, THE PEOPLE'S TRIBUNES, rave,
As when Rome's citizen became her slave ?
Shall they, who call that press the public ark,
Quibble in daylight, slander in the dark ?
With faction's voice keep honest patriots mute ?
With joy, confute, change sides, and still confute ?

Oh, thou ! who, with surpassing boldness crowned,
Canst kill small deer, and grovel on the ground ;
Why dost thou tax thy strong and nervous mind,
To raise a laugh, to tease, and vex mankind ?
Why spoil these powers, which, well applied, would be
A joy to all ; prosperity to thee ?
Why let the rich, who fill the crowded mart,
Admire thy talents, yet abuse thy heart ?
Why shew forth feelings worthy hell's dark imp,
Making thy foes to whisper, " bribe the pimp ?"
Why fill the private breast with keen vexation ?
Why head thy own remarks, " Communication" ?
And say, each honest scheme's a Grand Isle speculation ? (2)

Perhaps *your* friends are those who love abuse :
The dirtiest ditch, Sir, has its babbling goose.

'Tis true, the cook, when seasoning high the meat,
 Gains praise from those who piquant dishes eat—
 (Perhaps too, ere the curry's really tasted,
 The cook, though stewing, by his master's basted.)
 But, is it honest ; fairly, is it right,
 To cater for a jaded appetite.
 The honest man is fed with honest food ;
 His money's sterling, and his pay is good.
 Think not, because I take thy paper, friend,
 Thy acts I praise, or honesty defend ;
 I pay to see the slippered pantaloon ;
 Yet, though I laugh, I scorn the coarse buffoon.
 To view queer brutes I sometimes visit Scudder,
 But can I smile when all my senses shudder ?

When the dank clouds moved off the waters dark,
 The raven brought no profit to the ark ;
 But when the *honest dove* old Noah did launch,
 She paid her master with an olive branch.
 "A nod and wink" you know good Sir, the rest ;
 "'Tis a foul bird" I need not end with "nest."
 Who rashly fires a train may sometimes die ;
 When all unharmed will stand the enemy.
 Sampson, when *blind*, at Gaza madly rose ;
 And killed *himself*, destroying of his foes.

V.

"Good morning, Ladies and Gemmen—an't this conceit refreshing—'tis a very rare quality now a days, and must astonish you as much as a sensible paragraph from Dr. Doleful, or a stupid one from your humble servant, THE MAD POET"

From the Preface at the end of THE GOSSIP.

HAIL to your Lordship, with your beehive sort of a hat upon your head ;

Your cane in your hand, and bearing on your back your coat of rusty red.

I suppose you have been for a lounge up the shady side of Broadway :—

Did you meet with any dear, sweet, nice ladybirds, black, white, or gray ?

By the by, you are quite a Don Juan in your love, my lord Hamlet !

Nothing seems to come amiss to you, whether dressed in silk, calico, or camlet.

I, too, love the dear creatures, and therefore do not feel surprised that you desire them ;

Although I must confess I should not wish to see them as you profess to admire them. (3)

Allow me to ask whether you don't really agree with me, in thinking Lord Byron was a noodle ;

Merely a sort of a mongrel poet ! neither a greyhound nor
a poodle !

Perhaps the slubber of his face and open collar shew'd a
little like a poet ;

But any one may have a head engraved and nothing in it—
you and I, Sir, know it.

What's your opinion—come away from under that win-
dow, they are going to fling out water—

What's your opinion—do you think with poor Ophelia
that the owl was a baker's daughter ?

Ah, bless us ! do look yonder !—what a lovely sylph-like
figure :

I wish she'd turn this way—sweet fair !—one look !—
angels and ministers, a *nigger* !

Of late I've not seen any new production ; is your muse
pray, lacking fire ?

Suppose you write on the beauty of the mermaid—you
can manage to see it, by making friends with Mc-
Intyre.

How should you like with a living mermaid to enter the
marriage pale ?

I should not—for no doubt when scaly she would slap
one's face with her tail.

And yet the shewing such a wife would fill one's pocket
full of riches ;

One thing is certain—though she'd sometimes wag her
tail she ne'er could wear the breeches !

But if I stay talking thus, I shall get my thoughts in a
trammel ;

And I think its going to rain—for look at yonder cloud
that's almost in shape of a camel.

See! there goes the rich man who turned you out of his
pew last Sunday ;

Go and fling a poem at him, and talk as loud as the waves
in the bay of Fundy.

I really must be off—for I've several unfinished pictures
on my easel ;

And that some humpty cloud threatens—now methinks
'tis like a weasel ?

What say you to meet me at supper ? we'll have a chat
comfortable and relevant ;

And I'll read to you a sublime ode I have written on a
pickled elephant.

Yon cloud is now beginning to spout very like a whale—
so we must sever ;—

Pray make my compliments to your last lodging house
bill, and believe me the same, my lord, and your
poor servant ever.

VI.

"HUGH MAXWELL, ESQUIRE, concluded on the part of the people.
 "His argument was forcible and convincing, and was marked by the
 "ingeniousness, humanity, and candor, which uniformly characterizes
 "his management of criminal cases."

Narrative of the murder of James Murray, p. 63.

DARK Bridewell's gloomy accoucheur ;
 Dishonest knaves' transfixing skewer ;
 And physicer of felons—
 I greet thy quiddits, quillets, quirks,
 Strewn through thy legal upper works,
 Like seeds in water melons.

To thee the bard holds up his hand ;
 But pleads the freedom of the land,
 For talking to his betters.
 Yet, though he likes t' indite, 'tis true,
 He'd hate indictment, Sir, from you ;
 The muse can't dance in fetters.

Heaven send me a deliverance
 From thy engrossing goose quill lance ;
 And also from "A TRUE BILL."
 I'd rather nurse *green* worm of Nile ;
 Be *red* with rash ; be *black* with bile ;
 And take a thundering *blue* pill.

There's something pleasant to the soul,
 To be the districts sole Sir Poll ;—
 The wholesale legal smiter ;—
 Sir Oracle within the park ;—
 " And when I speak, let no dog bark ;"
 The common-law's fee'd fighter.

There's something pleasant to one's pride,
 To be the moon o' the' people's tide ;
 To make our shield " THE PEOPLE ;"
 To prosecute just whom we please ;
 The gold-finches to scare and tease,
 Who mount blind Fortune's steeple.

I only wish the law I knew,
 And had a partnership with you ;
 I'd keep the rogues in order !
 Against the very Mayor I'd fight ;—
 The Corporation, too, indict ;—
 Imprison the Recorder !(4)

That tin-pipe-voice of thine, may be,
 Of use to the community,
 In fixing rogues with collars :
 But who'd not raise his *tin*-pipe-voice,
 And snug, at *iron* crimes rejoice,
 When sin brought *silver* dollars ?

Four thousand of them, every year !
 A pretty sinecure, mynheer ;
 Enough to tempt a parson !

Enough to make your voice of tin,
Break out when midnight rogues *break in* ;
 And raise your *fire* at *Arson*.

Enough to let your words *seduc*e
 The Court, when *Rape* has small excuse ;
 And *loyal* be 'gainst *treason*.
 Enough to make you *coin* a speech,
 When *forgers* are within your reach,
 And *brassy gold's* in season.

Yet—satire's smile, and words apart,
 I somewhat like thy head and heart ;
 From all I've heard about thee.
 And, though I *rake* my attire fire,
 A *gentleman* I still admire ;
 I never thought to flout thee.

Although I am an unco' *blade*,
 I like dame Justice' *sword* to aid ;
 Yet can't help being witty.
 And if I were like lax Panurge,
 I'd liken thee unto a purge,
 Which cleanseth New-York City.

Still thine's an honorable place ;
 And truly do I say, a grace
 Is added by your actions.
 You hold the staff as honor should ;
 As one who dares be firm and good ;
 Unawed by foolish factions.

May it be thine for years to come ;
May you find peace and smiles at home ;—
 In health enjoy your sherry.—
And when that brute starved Death shall rise,
May tears be in all honest eyes,
 And only rogues be merry.

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May tears be in all honest eyes,
 And only rogues be merry.

VII.

"A bumper to FANNY."

MOORE.

RING the alarm bell ! stout Lenox cried,
When Duncan's silver skin with blood was dyed ;
Malcolm, awake ! came forth in accents deep,
When woman leagued with man to murder sleep.

As mad and wretched as the faithful chief ;
As strong in honesty ; as loud in grief ;
I fill the night air, with the tocsin bell—
And ring a fright'ning and a fun'ral knell.—
A knell for Poetry :—her shrine prophaned ;
And hurt by those her manna has sustained.
Ring the alarm, I say—too vexed to weep ;—
HALLECK, awake ! shake off this drowsy sleep.
Nay, man, no modesty—no shocks of shame :
I'll have a starling, Sir, shall speak thy name.
Must eagles hide, while owls their dull wings rear ?
Shake off this sleep ! Halleck, I say, appear !!

The awkward squad of Poetry's worst drill,
Spoil what they laud, and ignorantly kill.

The feet of fools the muse's temple tread ;
 They choke the lamp their ardour should have fed ;
 With silly zeal press her pure altar down ;
 Rush on her footstool ; shake away her crown ;
 Keep her from feeling sunny air and light ;
 And—mad as flashes in a stormy night—
 Instead of nobly paying homage meet,
 Instead of laying trophies at her feet,
 They let their spoils upon her person fall—
 And make her canopy, her funeral pall.
 E'en those who should enact a better part,
 Who have the scholar's strength and poet's heart,
 Who ought to raise the rampart of the mind,
 Let their brave powers be cabin'd, cribb'd confin'd ;
 Careless of rules they pull their lyre's loose strings,
 And fancy music if the brass wire rings.
 BRYANT, within whose mind a chrystal shines,
 With adjectives and fustain fills his lines.
 While PERCIVAL, so pleased with painted things,
 Buys on the air with tinsel, tawd'ry wings ;
 Blows a soft bugle over flowery ground,
 And loses sense and music in the sound.
 PIERPOINT, whose strength a blazing flag might rear,
 And give us thoughts as pure as childhood's tear,
 E'en Parson Pierpoint glides a gilded snake,
 And crawls and shines as if but half awake ;
 Sometimes, we see, he curves his hues about ;
 But yet, 'tis lengthened sweetness long drawn out.
 There's one who might adorn the Muse's rank,
 But he has left her *Temple* for a *Bank* ;

'Tis **WORTH**, who now upon his own name dotes,
 And cashiers melody to count his notes. (5)
 (Poor outcast **JUDAH** (6) should be sent to nurse ;
 He thinks blank nonsense must be good blank verse.)
Woodworth's long, rumbling notes in songs are borne,
 And all alike—"hot corn, hot corn, hot corn."
 —Yet these I can submit to :—but the shoal
 Of senseless sculls, offends me to the soul ;
 In impudence and ignorance they come,
 And, though blue bottles, make a mighty hum.
 Each squashy-peasecod-New-York-schoolboy prates ;
 Young Boston Bards croak worse than Boston waites ; (7)
 E'en very spellers give a mighty roar ;
 Each feels a lion, though he is a boar ;
 While ladies crow-quills play their little part,
 And write of "love" and "dove," of "heart" and "dart."

Faugh !! thin small beer ! **HALLECK—HALLECK**, come
 forth !

Come like the 'borealis of the North,
 A beaut'ous wonder. 'Rise and wildly shine !
 Rise like a comet in the night's bright mine ;
 Making the upturned eyes of mortals gaze,
 And leave the galaxy to track thy blaze.
 A volunteer within Thalia's train,
 Duty decides you still should there remain.
 The British Critic justly sneers to see,
 A pitchy void within our melody :
 Let not the scribe full fairly point his dart,
 But shew a flame can from bitumen start.

Wait not for rules which Horace made of yore ;(8)
 Snatch up your manuscript ; unbar your door ;
 Put in bold *pica* your own neat *italic* ;
 And be no longer “ *Secretary* Halleck.”

You’ve found the silver nib of Byron’s pen ;
 Prove that its iron stem can plough again.
 The last touch of the chissel you have shown ;
 Prove that the block you work on is your own.
 ‘Wake every nerve ; and let us something view,
 As smooth as marble, and as lasting too.
 Want you a theme ? ah, no ! exhaustless roll,
 Mysterious beauties o’er the poet’s soul.
He seeks the Sea, Earth, Sky, his scenes to aid ;
 While God’s own finger’s on his fire-tongue laid.
 In every flower *he* sees Megarian bee ;
 While gems shine forth in many a trembling tree.
He gains bright thoughts from spangles in the storm ;
 Each em’rald wave turns up a syren’s form ;
 O’er the Atlantic’s million billows dark,
He cuts a white track for the crackling bark.
 Thinks he of lonely isle where wild-fowl flock ;—
He hears the sea weed flap against the rock.
 Let the bard seek the broad spread, stilly wood,
 Where nature’s beauties grow in solitude ;
His mem’ry’s ear will catch the dew drops fall,
 As bright birds flutter, and the cobras crawl.(9)
His fancy see the Indian’s wild eyes shine,
 From the green cave, as rubies in a mine.
 Should his soothed sight his own savannahs view,
 Blushing in autumn’s tint, and twilight’s hue ;

The joys of home within his mind's-eye rove,
 And sooth like sunbeams in a shady grove.
 If to the hills he sends his condor glance,
 The rifles ring, and make the echoes dance ;
 Each height seems bristled with a noble band ;
 Defenders of their rich primeval land.
 A noble band filled high with manly words ;
 And manly daring strong as their true swords.
 Ready to let the turf they lately trod,
 Grow fresher, nurtured by their own heart's-blood ;
 Ready to trust their lives, their cause, to their protecting
 God.(10)

A glory like the sun's the poet feels.
 His own light on himself a beauty wheels ;
 Yet, while he knows he has this rich resource,
 Many enjoy and praise his splendid course.
 Blessing and blest his high meridian glows.
 He sets in greater richness than he rose.
 And e'en when gone beneath this mortal scene,
 His place of dying smiles in pearly sheen.
 Eternal as the sun his fame will stand ;
 Forever burning, breathing in the land.

Who would not rather have a Shakspeare's fame,
 Than Gresham's wealth, and Montmorency's name ?(11)
 Or, be a Milton, pennyless and blind,
 Than have the praises heaped on Cromwell's mind ?
 The son of Philip, midst the battle's dead,
 Slept with old Homer's scroll beneath his head.(12)

VIII.

"Is not he rightly named JACOB."

Genesis, ch. xxvii. v. 36.

HORACE—JACOB.(13)

HORACE.

Oh Jacob! oh, Jacob! pray what will you say,
 When Death's at thy door, and the Devil's to pay!
 For thy sins like thy own notes seem red to my eye;
 And the long-back-boned-quakers declare you must fry.
 They mutter—they frown, and are gloomy as stocks:
 Wo, wo to the broad-brim that offers to box.(14)
 Keen Mordecai rakes up each act and deed dark;
 While he proves you're the worst fashioned brute in his
 ark.

And list—from the big marble pile in the park,
 What voice cries "Indictment?" who is the land shark?
 The voice of Hugh Maxwell—his form may be seen,
 Like a dog at a door, where the Jury convene.
 A writ comes at morning, and good bail is due;
 For the usury statute says, "how do you do!"
 Howl, Wall-street! thy chief in his catchings is caught—
 Yes, howl; for he's sold who securities bought.

His dollars are useless ! his bonds on the street,
 Though made for flesh-pounds, won't bring ounces of
 meat.

Quite small is the wood-log that cools in the grate,
 Where the Cockroach can hardly find warmth for its pate.
 He's nipped for a pinch of enlivening snuff ;—

JACOB.

March—saucy quill-driver—no more of your stuff.
 Though my silver and gold should be strewn in the
 street,
 Like the peelings of melons which Hottentots eat :
 I, Jacob, regardless of penalties, pains—
 While my heart loses scruples, but pocket gets grains,
 Will broker remain, or quite broken become ;
 With my face to each bank, and my back to each bum ;*
 And leave, in my last will, my money and lands,
 For a College for brokers where Collect-street stands.

* Bum-bailiff--i. e. deputy sheriff.

IX.

"In the mild manners, in the urbanity and benevolence of Mr. Emmett's character, one might be at a loss to conceive where opposition found its victim."

Society and Manners in America, by an Englishwoman ; p. 29.

Son of a land, where Nature spreads her green,
 But Tyranny secures the blossomed boughs ;
 Son of a race, long fed with Freedom's flame,
 Yet trampled on when blazing in her cause :—
 With reverence I greet thee, gifted man—
 Youth's saucy blood subsides at thy gray hairs.

Oh, what was the true working of thy soul—
 What griefs—what thoughts played in thy pliant mind,
 When, in the pride of manhood's steady glow,
 Thy back was turned upon the fav'rite trees,
 Which, to thy childhood, had bestowed a shade ?
 When every step, which bore thee to the shore,
 Went from old paths, and hospitable roofs ?—
 Did not the heart's-tear tremble in thine eye,
 A prayer for Erin quiver on thy lip,
 As the ship proudly held her prow aloft,
 And left the green isle in her creaming wake ?

And if a grief pressed on thy manly heart,
 A prayer arose upon the ocean breeze,
 At leaving each beloved face and scene :—
 Did not the tear appear, and praise arise,
 When stranger forms held out the friendly hand ;
 When shores, as strange, with smiles adopted thee ?
 Yes ! yes ! there was a tear :—a tear of joy :
 There was a prayer :—a prayer of gratitude.

And well thou hast returned each kindness done.
 A birth-right purchased by thy valued deeds ;
 And those who tendered thee a brother's grasp,
 Bow, with respect, at thy intelligence ;
 And glory in the warmth their friendship shewed.

I love to see thee in the crowded court ;
 Filling the warm air with sonorous voice,
 Which use hath polished, time left unimpaired—
 Bold, from the knowledge of thy powers of mind ;
 Flowing in speech, from Nature's liberal gifts—
 While thy strong figure and commanding arm,
 Want but the toga's full and graceful fold,
 To form a model worthy of old Rome.
 I smile to see thy still unbending form,
 Dare winter's cold, and summer's parching heat ;
 And buffet the wild crowd with gallant strength—
 The slight bamboo poised, graceful, in thy hand,
 And wielded with the air of Washington—
 While thy light foot comes bravely from the earth ;
 As if the mind were working in the trunk,

And yet, though I enjoy thy frosty strength,
 There's something tells me in thy furrowed face :
 A virtuous age cannot o'erstep the tomb !
 A solemn something whispers to my soul,
 The court will feel the silence at thy death,
 More than it did thy bursts of eloquence.—
 While thy chair standing in thy, now, warm home,
 Will have an awful void when thou art gone.
 What is't to thee if thy long life should wane !
 Th' immortal soul will unsubdued arise,
 And glow upon the steps of God's own throne :
 Like incense kindled on an altar's top.

Cold as thy monument thy frame must be—
 Warm as thy heart will be thy epitaph.
 For thus the aching mind of valued friend,
 Shall pay the last meed to the man he loved :
 " GREEN AS THE GRASS AROUND THIS QUIET SPOT ;
 " PURE AS THE HEAVENS ABOVE THIS CENOTAPH ;
 " WARM AS THE SUN THAT SINKS O'ER YONDER HILLS ;
 " AND ACTIVE AS THE RICH, CAREERING CLOUDS ;
 " WAS HE WHO LIES IN EARTH A THING OF NOUGHT.—
 " A THING OF NOUGHT !—FOR WHAT IS MAN, GREAT GOD ?
 " A VERY WORM ; AN INSECT OF A DAY—
 " HIS BODY BUT THE CHYBIS'LIS TO HIS MIND !
 " FOR, EVEN HERE—HERE WHERE THE GOOD MAN 'S LAID,
 " AND PROUD COLUMBIA'S GENIUS GRIEVES—
 " WE CAN BUT MURMUR : HERE AN EMMET LIES."

X.

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited."

HAMLET.

I.

I LOVE the playhouse and its mimic scene ;
 And from my childhood's days I've felt its joys.
 Each little Spanish six-pence I could glean,
 Instead of melting into cakes and toys,
 Would on the cash-taker's small counter lean ;—
 While, midst the smell of oil—the fiddle noise,
 I, nightly, forced my way into the pit ;
 Fearless of pressure from each steaming wit.

II.

And whether sitting by such folks as these,
 Has grafted me upon a sour stock,
 I cannot say—but now, those things don't please,
 Which once would give my very blood a shock.
 As colours dash chamelions. At ease,
 I can behold a scene would melt a rock.
 What too I liked at once, I think of twice ;
 And frankly speak — as thus I do of *Price*.

III.

If, *Mr. Price*, you mean to be so rash,
 As to take the management of Drury Lane ;
 Although as *full-price* you can make a dash,
 I fear, to sorry *half-price* you may drain.
 Perhaps you'll say, you've not to find the cash ;
 But simply as stage manager to reign ;—
 So much the worse !—and less does it suffice ;—
 In this I think your vanity *past* price.

IV.

Much wiser men than you, have ta'en the wheel ;
 And tried to stem the crazy ship, Old Drury.
 And better hearts than yours have had to feel,
 A London-audience's awful fury.—
 I wish you may not turn her on her keel !
 If I were sitting on a *de id*: jury,
 I thus, Sir, as a friend would end your cares :
 " Not competent to *manage* his affairs."

V.

At best, 'tis but a sorry compliment,
 To those who have supported you in 'York,
 And, in your house, their money freely spent,
 To know that you've become a stopping cork.
 But yet, some good will come 'though none is meant :
 For you'll keep sending those *can* sing and talk.
 And all who spoil a speech, and pipe quite reedy,
 May shake with *Povey*—act with great *Macready*.

VI.

Your "urbane manners" shine out in the paper ! (15)

(The English Courier newspaper I mean.)

Now—frankly *Price* !—pray, *who* might cut this caper !

By whom d'y'e really think it first was seen ?

Did not *Bish* write it by his Lottery taper ?—

"A blank my lord !"—"fat if you please, no lean !"

The lottery vender shews you as a prize !

"My dearest Puff"—pshaw, *Price* ! "have you no eyes ?"

VII.

But your sweet manners for the nonce I'll leave.

When you have tried the folks in London town,

Or, rather, they've tried *you*, I'll try to weave,

A parsley coronet to hide your frown :—

I hope you'll not, good friend, have cause to grieve ;

Or, be deserving of Grimaldi's crown.

And now, a prosperous voyage—Farewell !—I see

Wallack is coming—[*Exit. price O. P. :*

VIII.

Enter, *The Chatham Bos*, who doth bestride

The world, colossus like.] There was a time,

When *you* could not display the crest of pride,

Or soar in fudge and melo-drame sublime ;

But in the small sea of applause did ride,

As a plain sailor with his boisterous chime. (16)

Your private life was good—yet why, pray, roam ?

Is not a prophet thought a sage at home !

IX.

Now—just pass to the side-scene—for the rapper,
 Tells me a man of mind is at the door.—
 One, who must make each superficial dapper,
 Look, as to intellect, exceeding poor.
 Tragedy's own soul is in his napper ;
 But pleasure eats within his spoiled heart's core.—
 Room for King Richard !—and with him a word ;
 Satire must speak—come forth my honest sword.

X.

Kean ! you are like great Etna's restless hill ;
 Which, filled with wonderful, but damning fire,
 Makes its own heart its native beauty kill.
 To-day—the tendrils of the vines expire ;
 While bitter ashes rile each, once, pure rill.
 To-morrow—Etna's glories blaze the higher !
 Yet still the lava, soiling the mount's base,
 Hints of a black heart under a bright face.

XI.

Some folks may tell me, that your private life,
 Should not be reckoned with your public acts ;—
 Then they and I are very much at strife.
 What, Sir !—suppose my parson virtue lacks ;
 Shall I to Church send children, or a wife ?
 For they can take impressions quick as wax.
 And where's the Theatre's *sole* worth, King Kean :—
 In speaking sermons through each shifting scene.

XII.

But, heaven forfend that I should rake those coals,
 The fires of which I hope have long since died.
 This, I *will* say:—when God has joined two souls,
 And man has said they should be side by side :—
 Nothing, in one, can sanction lust's controul—
 Although the other's mind or form is dried. (17)
 What! do you start—open your closet door ;—
 Repent in secret—go, and sin no more.

XIII.

Away, away, woe's slave—and in a hurry :
 For here comes *Simpson*, and I needs must grin.
 His figure's like a gosling's wing in curry ;
 And his goose look, a hearty joke must win.—
 You heard me, *Simpson* ?—nay, man, stop your *flurry*—
 I think your powers are like your figure, thin ;
 And, though the roaring groundlings clap and gape,
 That your chief beauty is your ugly shape.

XIV.

And now for *Mr. Hilson*—no ;—not now.—
 We'll have this droll perhaps in part the second.
 It may be, too, that some will make their bow,
 Who have before, upon my stage, been beckoned.
 While other folks, my readers may not know,
 Shall in the volume of my brain be reckoned.
 But—closing for the present, scraps and news—
 I'll end like church yard-Young, “ here rest my muse.”

END OF PART THE FIRST.

NOTES.

NOTE 1—page 16.

Then, silver locks had homage from the young.

Credebant hoc graande nefas, et morte piamum,
Si juvenis retulo non assurexerat. Juv.

Thus translated by Addison :

'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seat when an old man appeared.

NOTE 2—page 17.

And say each honest scheme's a Grand Isle speculation.

Extract from a "PROCLAMATION TO THE JEWS :"

"The desired spot in the State of New-York, to which I hereby
"invite my beloved people throughout the world, in common with
"those of every religious denomination, is called GRAND ISLAND, and
"in which I shall lay the foundation of the City of Refuge, to be
"called Arrarat. To men of worth and industry it has every sub-
"stantial attraction : the capitalist will be enabled to employ his re-
"sources with undoubted profit, and the merchant cannot fail to reap
"the reward of enterprize in a great and growing republic ; but to the
"industrious mechanic, manufacturer, and agriculturist, it holds forth
"great and improving advantages. *A capitation tax of three shekels*
"*of silver, or one Spanish dollar, is hereby levied upon each Jew*
"*throughout the world, to be collected by the Treasurers," &c.*

If the tax could be collected, it would prove an excellent speculation ; bringing, at least, a yearly sum of three million of dollars, and, perhaps, double that amount ; for the number of Jews is rated by some at three millions, while other writers make them amount to more than six millions. And yet, after all, there is something so taking about the hero of my No. IV. that many worthy men cannot help addressing him in the lines of Martial :

"Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus, es idem
"Nec tecum possum vivere, nec senete."

Well translated thus :

" In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
 " Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
 " Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 " There is no living with thee, nor without thee."

NOTE 3—page 19.

Although I must confess I should not wish to see them as
 you profess to admire them.

Extract from *THE GOSSIP*, p. 137.

" Oh God—thou may'st take every blessing from me,
 " Every hope that is clasp'd to my mind ;
 " But oh ! in thy mercy permit me to see
 " One dear little woman *behind*."

NOTE 4—page 23.

Against the very Mayor I'd fight ;—
 The corporation too indict ;—
 Imprison the Recorder !

This was written at a time when the Banks in New-York City were deranged or crazy, the people raving, and the Grand Jury was mad ;—when, it was rumored, the chief magistrate would not appear in Court in his *official capacity*, and that the Recorder, who releases OTHERS from their pecuniary sins, might have to plead to a charge relating to "my monies and my usances."

NOTE 5—page 28.

'Tis WORTH, who now upon his own name dotes,
 And cashiers melody to count his notes.

This gentleman is the author of "Horace in Cincinnati."

NOTE 6—page 28.

Poor outcast JUDAH should be sent to nurse.

Mr. Judah is the author of a Poem, entitled "Odofriede, or the Outcast." I, of course, merely speak of Mr. J. as a poet ;—I have not the pleasure of even knowing his person.

NOTE 7—page 28.

Young Boston bards croak worse than Boston-waites.

"Boston-waites" is an old nickname for frogs—the term occurs, I fancy, in Ray's Proverbs.

NOTE 8—page 29.

Wait not for rules which Horace made of yore.

"Nonumque prematur in annum."

NOTE 9—page 29.

Where nature's beauties grow in solitude ;
His memory's ear will catch the dew drops fall,
As bright birds flutter, and the cobras crawl.

The critic may fancy this a queer sort of solitude: Cowper's poem of Selkirk is open to similar observation.

NOTE 10—page 30.

Ready to trust their lives, their cause, to their protecting
God.

I was desirous of inserting, at this place, the following nervous lines from the Pursuits of Literature; in order to give a finish to No. VII. But, upon consideration, I thought my verses would suffer less, by adding the extract to this note:—

"Such is the poet: bold, without confine,
"Imagination's "chartered libertine."
"He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream
"On listless satisfaction's torpid stream,
"But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
"Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
"While thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict fierce
"Tumultuous rush, and labour into verse,
"Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
"Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of his soul."

Page 253, 254.

NOTE 11—page 30.

Than Gresham's wealth, and Montmorency's name.

It is said the Montmorency's family can trace its descent from the *Horatii*. I have no objection :—Adam was a relation of mine.

NOTE 12—page 30.

The son of Philip, midst the battle's dead,
Slept with old Homer's scroll beneath his head.
For this, consult Plutarch.

No. VIII—Page 31.

It need hardly be noticed, that No. VIII is a parody on Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning."

NOTE 14—page 31.

Wo, wo, to the broad-brim that offers to box.

Prior to Jacob's being read out of the Society of Friends, he was arraigned for offering to decide a quarrel by fisticuffs—perhaps, too, he even began the sport. But the broker denied the charge. "Prythee, then, friend Jacob," said one of his lamb-like judges, "for what reason did'st thou strip thyself of thy upper garment?"—Old money-bags readily replied, "Why truly : *the better to run away, friend Elias !*"

NOTE 15—page 40.

Your "urbane manners" shine forth in the paper.

The following is an extract from a paragraph inserted in the *London Courier*. "Mr. Price, the American Theatrical Proprietor, has been appointed Superintendant of Drury Lane, for the next season, under the administration of *Mr. Bish*, the lessee and one-third member of Parliament. *Mr. Price, with inflexible integrity, urbane manners, and strong intellect, combines a perfect knowledge of the stage and its administration ; and unites with the qualities of the man of business the higher principles and feelings of the gentleman.* "We sincerely congratulate the shareholders, &c."

NOTE 16—page 40.

As a plain sailor with his boisterous chime.

The present Manager of the Chatham Garden Theatre, was formerly a Lieutenant in the British Navy. He was afterwards on the

boards of the Norwich Company in England. He was principally applauded for singing a common sailor's chant in character—having a sort of “Sally Brown, oh, ho,” chorus; and requiring the action of pulling a rope, spitting upon the hand, and the accompaniment of a horrid yell. In private life, both Mr. and Mrs. Wallack were much respected. Mr. W. need not feel hurt at being told of what he has been; Kean was once Harlequin—as the next note testifies.

NOTE 17—page 42.

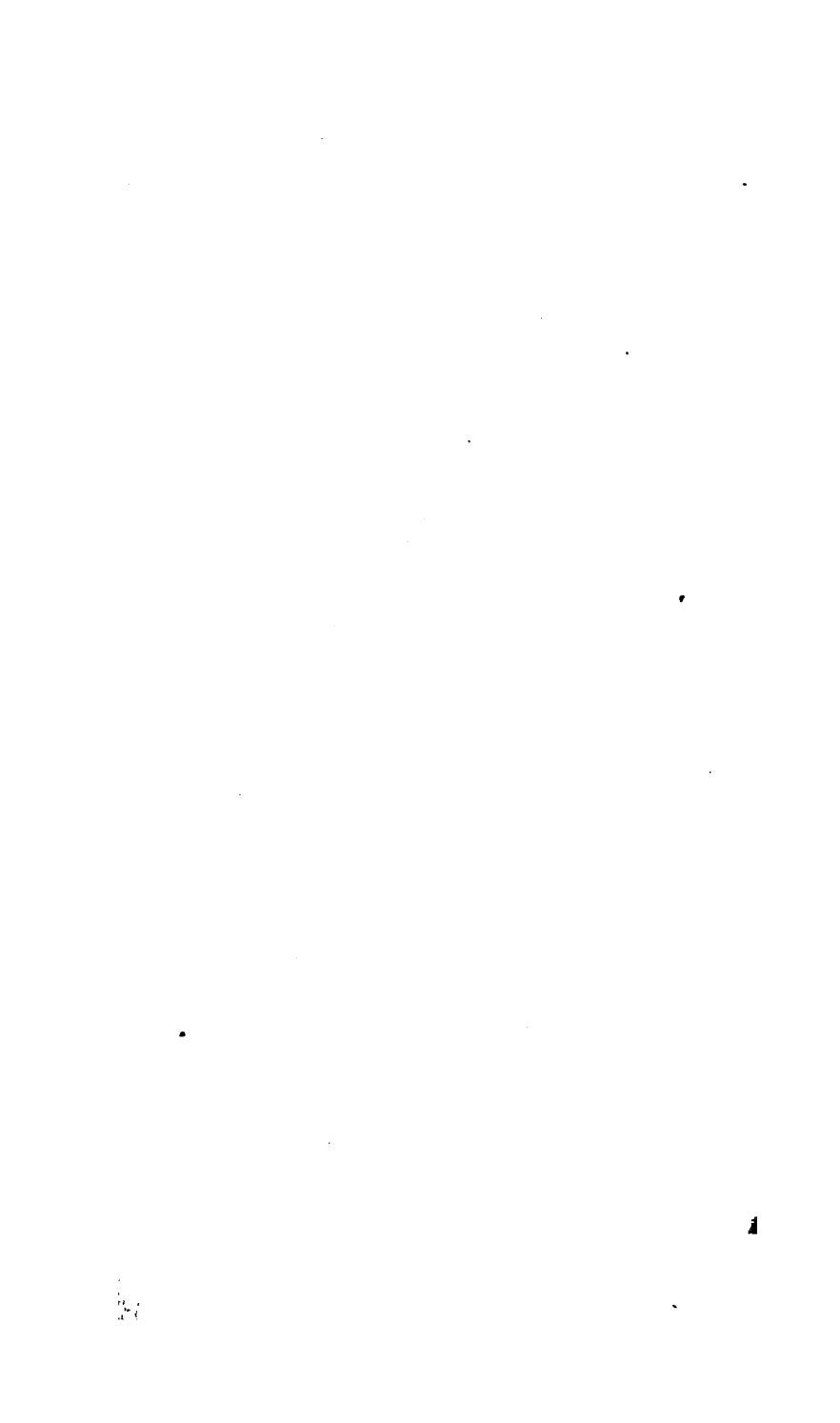
Although the others' mind or form is dried.

Mrs. Kean is a very ordinary Irish woman—her mind is on a par with her personal attractions; as the following anecdote—which Horace can vouch for—will sufficiently prove: Mr. Kean, who at the period alluded to, travelled *with* his wife, was performing at a certain city in the mother country (where, by the by, he got shut up in the watch box for a *spree*—but that is nothing as to my story.) One morning, several of the most respectable ladies called upon Mrs. Kean; and began in high terms, to praise her husband's personation of Richard, Lear, &c. Our *sometime Queen*, only nodded, bridled, and looked knowing. At last, she came out: “Och! my dear ladies “now!—and to be sure his Richard is something—but I would you had “seen him as I have had the luck—Aye,” said she, gravely shaking “her head, “*you never saw my husband perform HARLEQUIN!!*!”





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JUN 27 1940



T. B. M. Mason.

